

Ποτήριον γλυκύπικρον.

LONDONS

Bitter-Sweet-Cup

OF

TEARS,

For Her late

VISITATION:

AND

JOY,

FOR

The Kings Return.

With a

COMPLEMENT

(In the Close) To

FRANCE.

1870

LONDON

1870

1870

1870

1870

1870

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The P O E M.

After a wanton *Century of Peace,*
 Which all things but *Obedience* did increase;
 Feuds and *Rebellions* amidst three *Kingdoms* spread,
 Whose *Hellish* rage took off both *Crown* and *Head*;
 Foule dregs contracted by *Intestine Wars,*
Ill-Aspects, and worse frights of bearded *Stars*;
 Rank *Exhalations* from the *Blood* was spilt,
 And rankor from *Impiety* and *Guilt*.
 After all these, with thousand *Causes* more,
 (Foreseen, though not prevented, long before ;)
 The *Air* grown sick, and the *Contagion* high,
 Poor *Londoners* (not all prepar'd to die)
 Herd after Herd into the *Country* throngs,
 While many force their way thorow *Ferks* and *Prongs*;
 Some in wide *Fields*, their *Tabernacle* pitch, elysium
 And some both *Bed* and *Grave* make in a *Ditch*;
 Provisions set at so unkind a space,
 The sick *Mans* dies, ere he can reach the place:
 One that had seen the placing of these *Cars*;
 Would not have judg'd them to be food, but *Baits*
 Cunningly planted to deceive, not *cherish*.
 'Tis sad, by ill-plac'd *Charity* to perish!
 Nay *Londons* *Misery* must not pass, but there

The *Plowmen* are as jealous of their *Lives*,
 As ever *Citizens* were of their *Wives* !
 But leave we *Rural hearts* to Rocks and Stones,
 And Survey *Londons Sorrows*, Sighs and Moans.

As when our *Thames* with monstrous *Ebb* doth fly,
 To wider *Straits*, and leaves his *Channel* dry ;
 The great *Fish* with his rapid *Ssreams* retire,
 Leaving the *lesse* and *weaker* to expire
 Upon the *thirsty Sands*, and *desolate Shelves*,
 Lost, and unable to *Protect* themselves :
 The like *destructive* and *unequal Fate*,
 Left *London Streets* too *Wide* and *Desolate* ;
 Threw out the *Wealthy* int'ch' *open Aire*,
 And leaves the *Needy* to *Heavens angry care* !

Trade interrupted, and the *Royal Burse*,
 Quitted and Empty as the *Cities Purse* ;
 While *Steeple*s howling *Day* and *Night*, do call
 Thousands together to one *Funerall* ;
 Our *Bells*, neither the *Old*, and *Consecrate* ;
 Nor the unhallowed *New*, could help our *Fate* ;
 Not with *perpetual Motion* purge the *Sky*,
 Still *Mid-night* and *Meridian Arrows* fly :
 Graves *wide* and *deep*, *Gape* like the mouth of *Hell*,
 In which *whole Lanes* (*non nearer Neighbors*) fell ;
Pitts round the *Church*, cast like a fatal *Line*,

Pale Famine feeds upon the *Plague* ; The *Poor*
 All *Searchers* grown, to find a *Rich-man's Door* ;
 If *One* in a whole *Street* live here and there,
 Their *Gates* are shut, either by *Pest* or *Fear* ;
 Perhaps some *brawny Usurer* stays behind,
 Not to the *City*, but his *Avarice*, kind ;
 Who dying midst his *Gold* and *Silver*, sends
 His *City-Gods* to bless his *Country Friends* ;
 Now happily by *Rusticks* us'd as well,
 As if they had Remov'd from *Heaven* to *Hell* :

Sometimes when *Charity* herself did meet,
 A poor afflicted *Creature* in a *Street* ;
 Though warm'd with *Passion* and *Preservatives*,
 Her wither'd *Palme* grows cold, and nothing gives ;
 But fearing some infected *Hand* or *Breath*,
 Leaves the starv'd *Soul* to *Pity* and to *Death* :
 Which now grew so familiar to the *Eye*,
 The present wonder was to Live, not Die.

That Vault at *Westminster* so large and wide,
 Which every *Term* fill'd with a busie *Tyde*
 Of lawful *Adversaries* (who though mov'd
 With *Wrath* and *Spleen*, walk close as if they lov'd)
 How sad it looks ! How like that *paved Hall*,
 Which did a *Christ*, and *King*, to Judgment call

Nothing sold here, but Oxford and *E'strange's*
Two Sheets; the Cities *Market* and *Exchange*:
 Perhaps some *idle Squire* walks to and fro,
 Not knowing *what* to do, nor *where* to go;
 Till his *Dogs Appetite* barks, though in vain,
 And wishes *Archurs Table* here again.

The Sacred *Fabricks* of *St. Paul's*, and *Abby*,
 Now (*Synagogue* like) serv'd with one *Scribe* and *Rabby*:
 No *Breath* the *Seats* nor *Organs* to *Inspire*,
 Poor *Robbin-Redbreast* Sings for all the *Quire*:
 When this last *Reformation* first was seen,
 I thought *Sir Robert Harlow* had been *Dean*;
 Who *Broak* and *Melted* all was in his power,
 But dearly lov'd the *Images* o'th' *Tower*.

Mr. of the
 Mint.

Yet of the *Two*, this of *St. Peters Chair*,
 Is, if not *Beautiful*, in good *Repair*:
 When good *St. Paul* hath more of *Faith* than *Works*,
 Th' *East Christian*, but the *West* not fit for *Turks*,
 Only the *King*, to shew 'tis not his *Guilt*,
 Has beautified all His blest *Father Buil*:
Paul's *Reformation* dos most sadly *stick*,
Rent in the *Middle*, and turn'd *Schismatick*:
 And now may well *renew* his *just Complaint*,

St. Pauls Day,
 till this last

He came so late to be our *Almanack*, * *Saint*:
 * *Could wish both Temples down*!

King, Tearm, and Parliament ; Great *Cryes* are made,
Not for *St. Pauls*, but (our *Diana*) *Trade*.

Ah but when *Westminster* or *London* meet,
Upon those *Pebbles* of the *Royal Street* ;
(Ancient that *White Tower*, Rais'd by *Scotland's James*,
To gain two *Prospects*, of the *Park* and *Thames*)
They weep o're the discolour'd *Stones*, and *Cry*,
Here sprung that *High Blood* first inflam'd the *Sky* :
Here was Committed *Englands Capital Crime*,
The *Monster Plague* hatcht here, but born in time.

O then bright *Sun* o'th' *British World* appear,
To Influence Your Native *Hemisphere* :
Whose *Presence* (*Light* and *Heat*) all *Good* creates ;
Whose *Absence* (an *Eclipse*) *Depopulates* :
Till You with *Oriental beams* Arise,
Poor *London* faints, peopl'd with *Winter flies* ;
Which with *Consumptive Legs* and *Spirits* crawl,
To seek their *Sun* from *Cheapside* to *White-hall* ;
The *Place* bereav'd of your *Presential Care*,
Must sink : Where you *breath* not, *breaths* no good *Aire* :
Of those vast *Heaps* the *Sword* of *Pest'ence* flew,
Most died o'th' *Pest*, many for want of *You*.

But You are Come in *Charitable* hast,
The first *Return'd*, who went away the *last*.

Marigold.

Nothing but Your warm Influence could ope
 London, that long clos'd dying * *Heliotrope* :
 The City not with Grief, but *Triumph* pants,
 Each Street as busie as a Field of *Ants* ;
 Your Presence, Barracado'd Shops and Doors,
 Opens as kindly as the Spring our Pores :
Bonfires Salute You, and the New-tun'd Bells,
 Chyme *Psalms* of Joy, instead of *doleful Knells* ;
 To purge the Aire, no Coal-fires now need burn,
Magnificate do that for Your Return :
 Thus Loyal LONDON hath a Ransome paid,
 For that *Defection* the *Disloyal* made,

Heaven bless Your Majesty, may You Advance,
Victorious Exsigns through the Heart of France :
 And since your Vice-roy has committed Treason,
 Be pleas'd Sans Complement, to do him Reason :
 St George shall go, and play a Game at Tennis,
 In * Agincourt, or else-where, with St. Dennis.
 Then over Monck, and make your Dukedome good,
 Seale Albemarle once more with Gallick Blood ;

* Where the
 French was beat
 by the English.

And let the Proclamation of proud Lewis,
 Proclaim Great Charles, who King of France the true is.

Non nos ampullas, _____

